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THE QUEEN OF BEEHIVE

OR

THE

QUEEN OF BEES

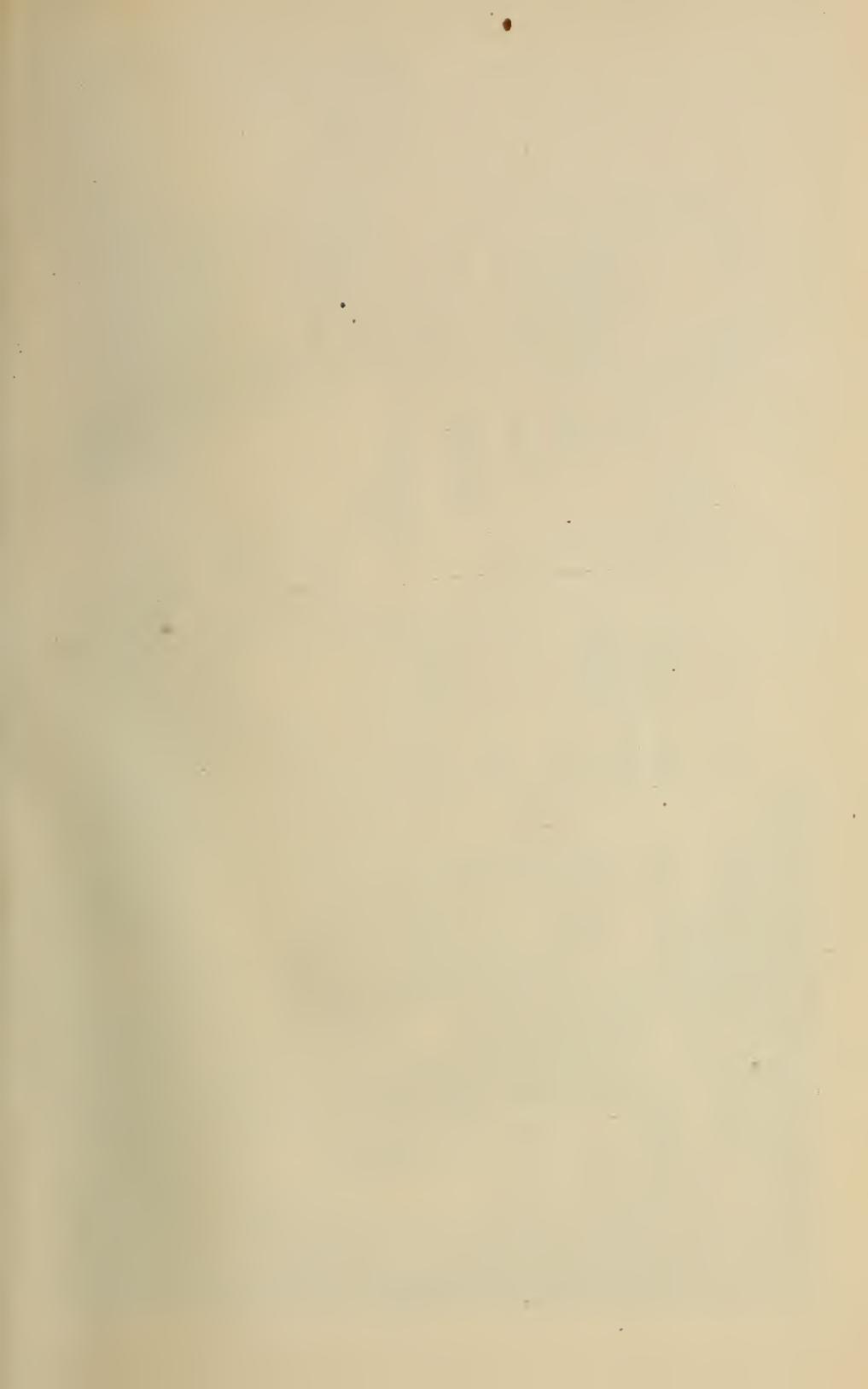


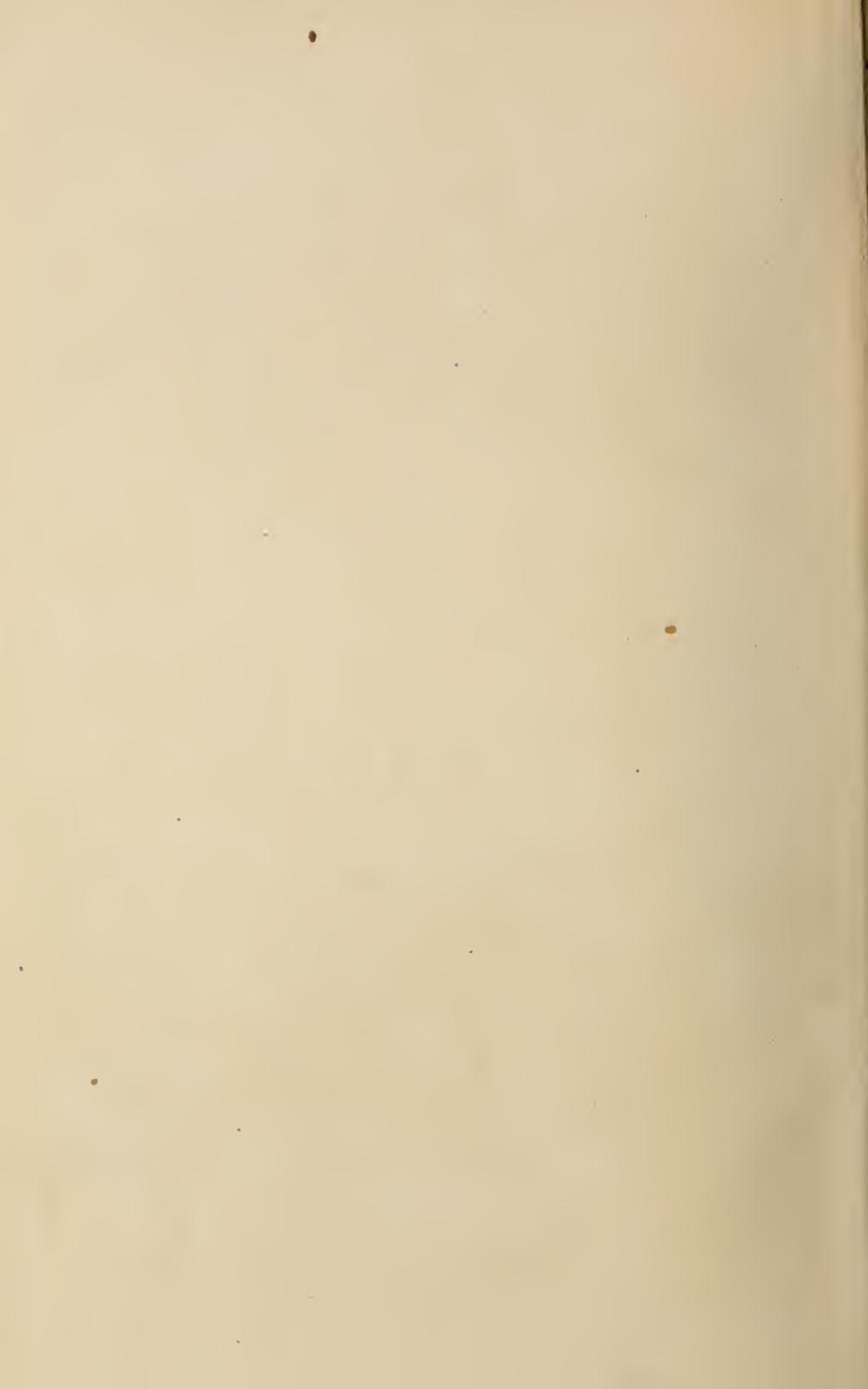
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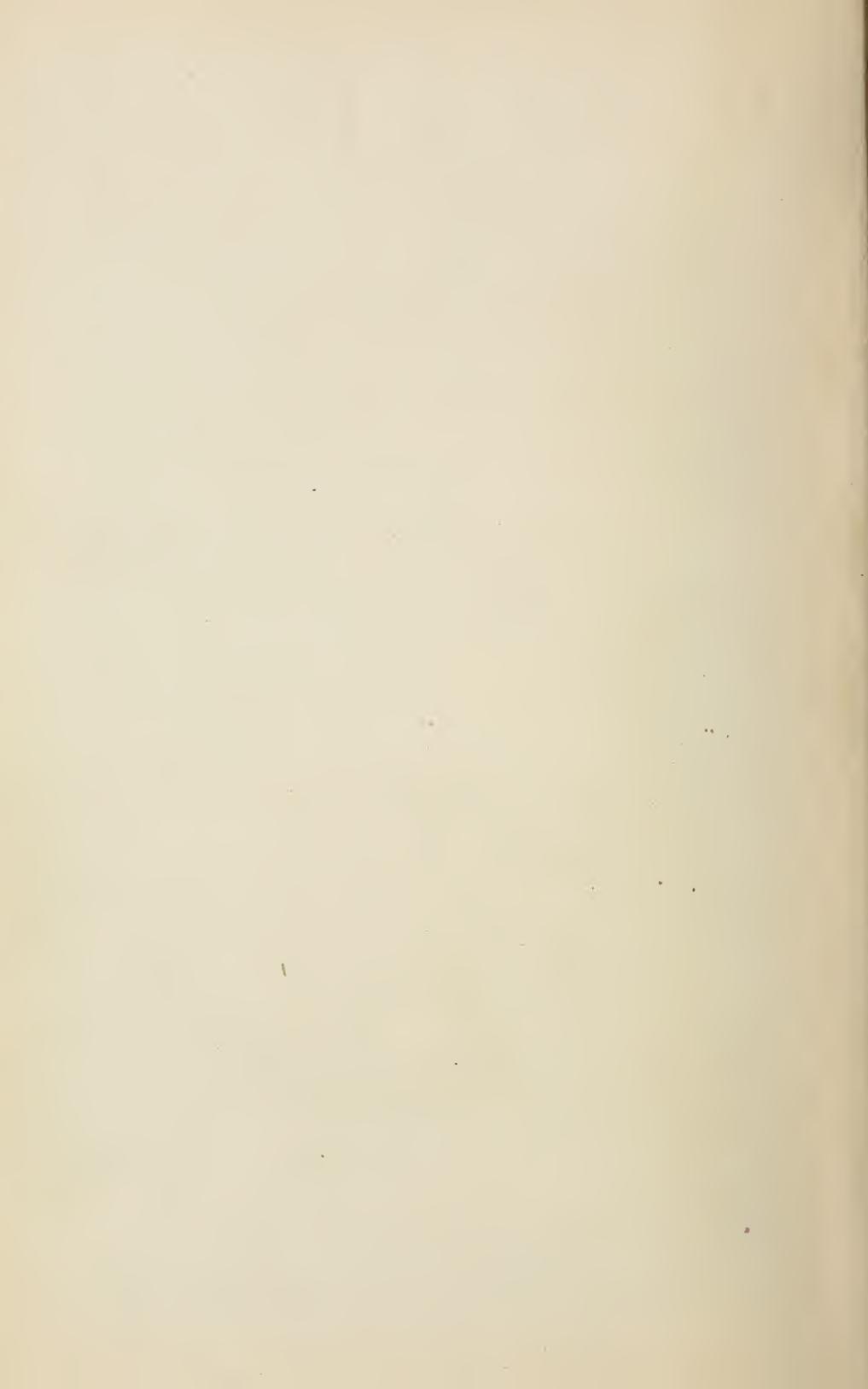






TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
OF WILHELM BUSCH BY
JOSEPH WATKINS
WITH ORIGINAL DESIGNS
BY PARK BENJAMIN





B U Z Z A B U Z Z

OR

THE BEES

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

WILHELM BUSCH

BY

HEZEKIAH WATKINS

*WITH THE ORIGINAL GERMAN ILLUSTRATIONS AND
TWENTY-EIGHT ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY
PARK BENJAMIN*



NEW YORK
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PROLOGUE.



PENCIL, Muse! of finest grade
From Nuremberg, by Faber made!
Once more put saddle on my stout
Steed Pegasus—and trot him out!

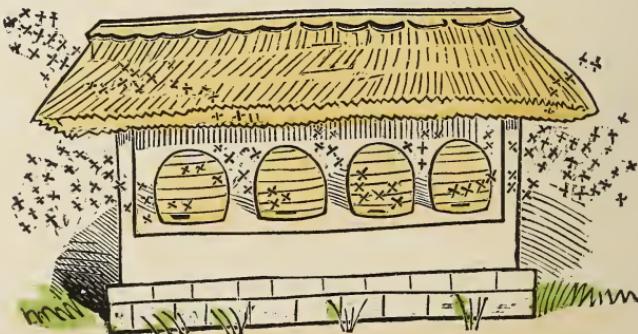


Hoop-la!—For Dralle and his bees,
And for his daughter, fair Christine—
For Docet, whom the maid doth please,
And for his nephew, Young Eugene!



GREET THEE, lovely month
of May,
With leaves and thousand flow-
erets gay!

Thee too I greet, O lovely bee,
Bathed in the morning sunlight's sea!



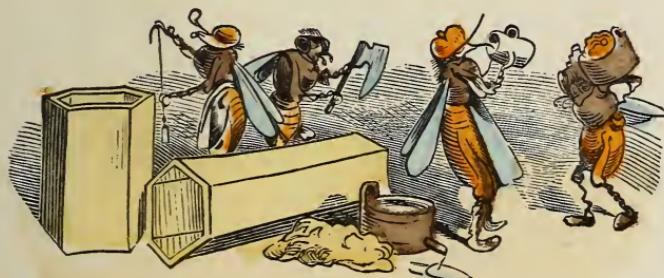
How blithesome thou dost flit about
Hans Dralle's bee-house, in and out,

And though the sun scarce risen is,
Thou'rt deep immersed in business.



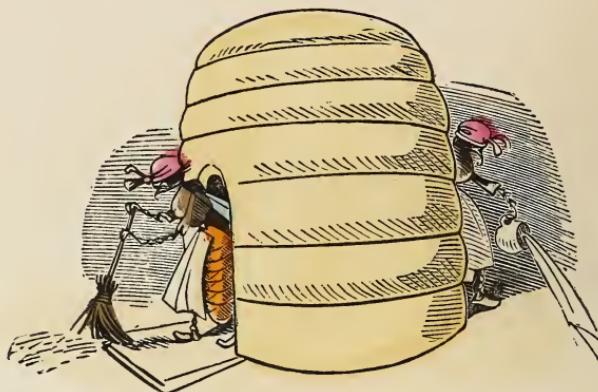
There's nothing here for thieving hands,
For at the door the watchman stands.

And all the sturdy, dexterous men
They hack and cut and measure on,



Till nicely side fits side—and then—
Behold a perfect hexagon.

See! Bridget Bee at break of day,
Sweeping the dust and dirt away:



True! cleanliness requires some trouble,
But then the pleasure's more than double.

How tenderly old Auntie dear
Takes care of little baby-bee!*



“Minnie!” she cries, “some water here,
And cook the porridge speedily.”

NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

* “— aliae, spem gentis adultos
Educunt fetus.”—(*Virgil Georg. Lib. iv. l. 162.*)

The servant maidens make ado,
And fly about and wait with zest



On her Imperial Highness, who
Is just this moment up and dressed.*

And lazy, grumbling drones alone,—
The greedy, fat, foul, stupid things,—



Hang 'round the house—of use to none,
Or lie abed with folded wings.

NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

* "— illum admirantur et omnes
Circumstant fremitu denso, stipantque frequentes,
Et saepe attollunt humeris, et corpora bello
Objectant, pulchramque petunt per vulnera mortem."—(Do. l. 215 et seq.)

“Heigh, ho!” these worthless grumblers sing—
“What! Thunder! has it grown so late?



“Here, Bridget! come; be quick and bring
Us mead and honey-bread, and plate!”
“Patience! Old Epicures!” she cries;
Then to the baker, Crocus, flies.

“See here! these doughnuts, fresh and sweet,”
Lisps Crocus, “Take them, precious pearl!

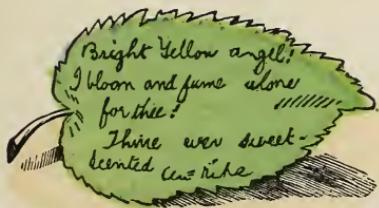


But listen! stop for me and greet
Auricula, the waiter-girl!”

The Damsel of the Periód,
Here stands—to guests dispensing tod.



But when his lovesick billet-doux
Auricula had read quite through,
Upon a rose-leaf, wet with dew,
She wrote as you or I would do:



Swift-winged, the bee doth then depart
With balm for Crocus' aching heart,—



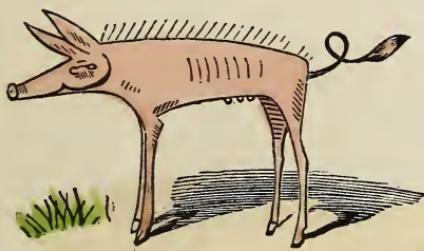
Then homeward speeds—E'en now you hear
The Drones are kicking up a row;



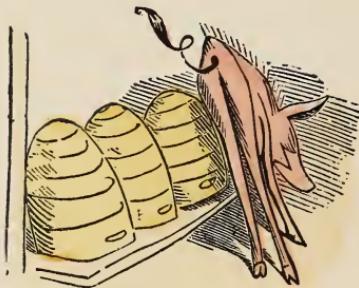
“ You stupid Biddie ! hand that beer !—
One must do everything, I vow.”



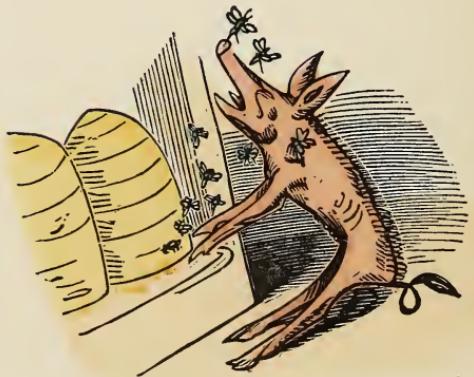
— O —



NICE clean pig Hans Dralle's got,
But fat 'tis not.



Snuffing about in every nook,
To scratching Hans's hives it took.



The bees come quickly from their shrine,
And buzz about the bristling swine.



The pig sets up a doleful cryin'.

Hans Dralle thinks: "Vat's got dat schwein?"



Hans Dralle stands amazed, to see

His pig plumped out so wondrously!—

A sausage-dealer, happening near,
Says, "How you sells dat hog, my dear?"



"'Bout zwanzig thaler, so I tought!"
Well, here they are, all counted out!



Hans Dralle chuckles with delight;
"Vat's dat to me! Dat ish all right!"

He folds his arms contentedly,
And hums a ditty of the bee:



Fly, my pretty bee, now hie thee! *
Over hill and dale;
Search the blossoms bright and ply thee
Ere the sunlight fail.

Come again then, hither hastening
When the petals close;
Store thy sweets for winter tasting,
Then go seek repose! †

NOTES BY TRANSLATOR.

* Compare Schiller's "William Tell," Act III., Scene I. (Song of Walter.)

† " — rursus easdem

Vesper ubi e pastu tandem decedere campis
Admonuit, tum tecta petunt, tum corpora curant."

(*Virgil Georg.*, Lib. iv., l. 185 et seq.)



Halloo! what mean they by these tricks?
Two bees out-doors with walking-sticks?!



He views his hive with much alarm:
"Vas, Teufel! bee's she gwine to schwarm?"

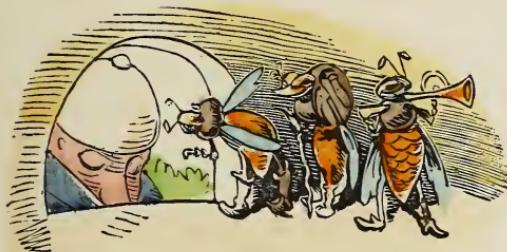


The air is clear, the air is warm;
Hans Dralle's waiting for the swarm.



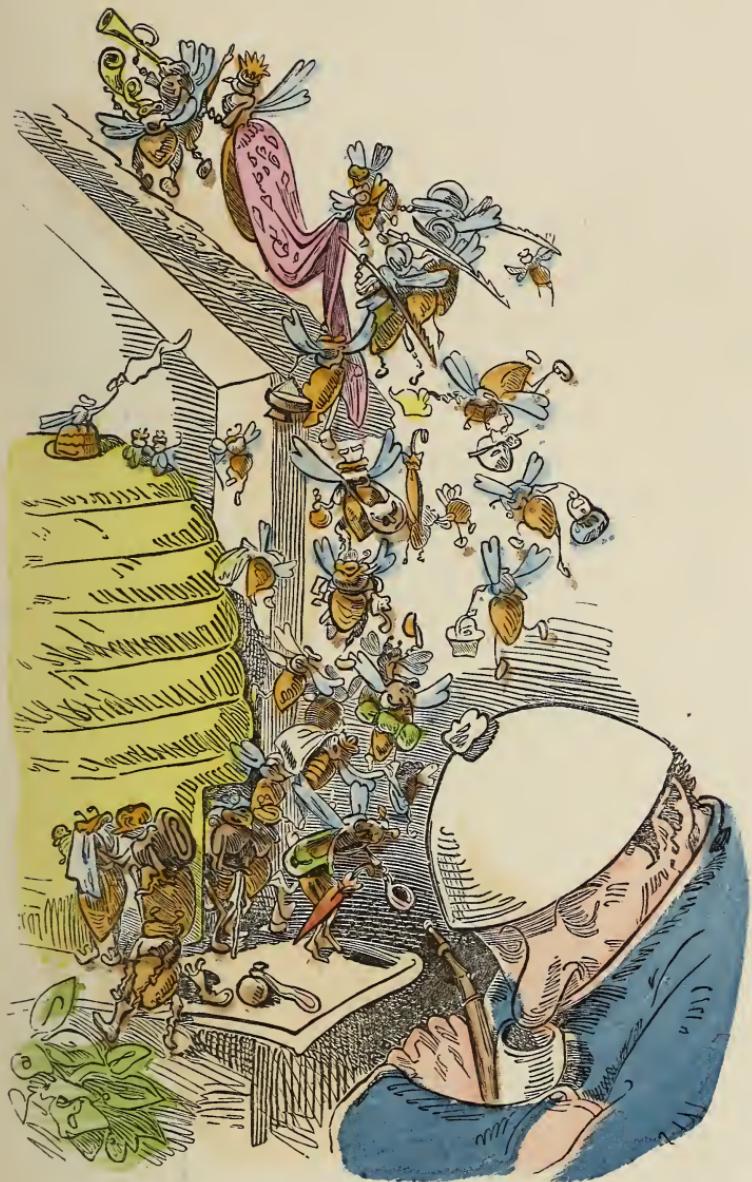
It grows so dull—yet duller grows;
Hans Dralle drops off in a doze.

Toot, Toot! The trumpets gently sound.

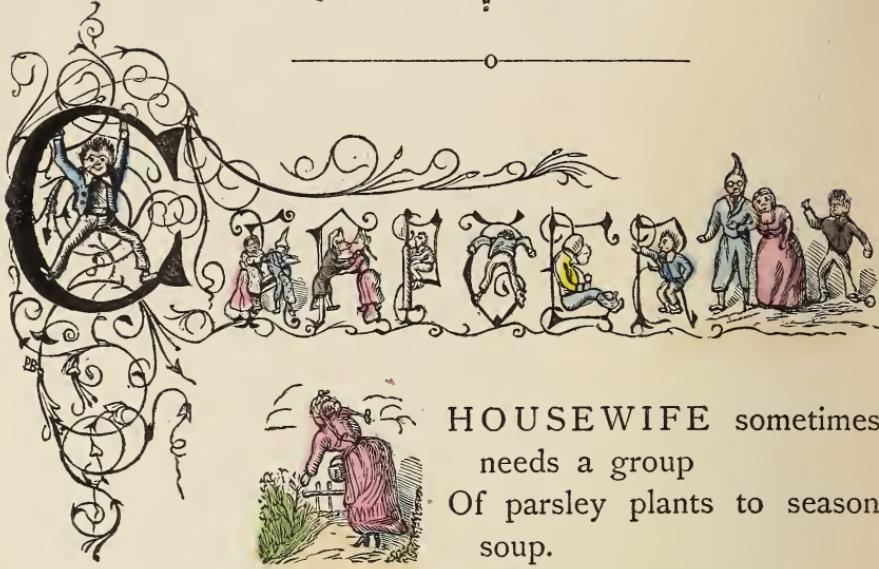


And all within the bee-hive reach;
Its little inmates gather 'round,
And then the Queen gets off a speech:

“ Come, children ! pack your traps up now !
This old curmudgeon snores, I vow !—
Declares he’s Father of the bee !
A pretty father ! What does he ?
Of what account ?
To puff his pipe ’s the whole amount !
A chimney and a bellows, too,
He is, who stuffs our noses—whew !
In summer we must save our breath
And wear and tear ourselves to death ;
In hopes we may increase our store
And drive off famine from our door . . .
And then !—
Scarce have we packed each cranny, when
He fills the house with gases rank,
And the poor bee must walk the plank.
In short, an old ‘ skinflint ’ is he !—
Who, stealing honey—kills the bee !—
So take your traps, and follow me !! ”



Helter-skelter there they go!



HOUSEWIFE sometimes
needs a group
Of parsley plants to season
soup.

Now in precisely such event,
This very day Christina went—



As you can see—with pleasure too,
Her father's garden rambling through.

Herr Docet's garden lies near by;
Ah! she has Docet in her eye.
Was sweet on him at first as tutor,
Then more and more he grew to suit 'er,
Until the arrow *—peu à peu—*
Has pierced her poor heart through and through.
Now Cupid—ofttimes dealing harshly—
Cares naught for cabbage-plants nor parsley;



But bets his pile on pinks and posies;
So "Tina" plucks these, and some roses.

Before one fairly knows about it,
Auricula—no one will doubt it—



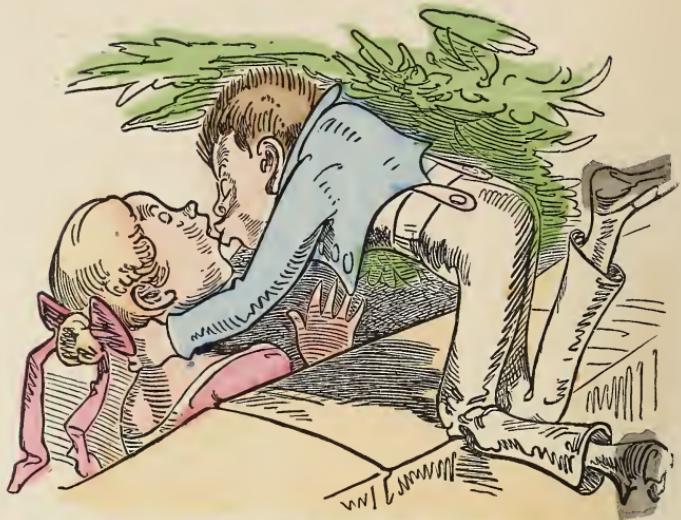
By some sweet sort of hocus-pocus
Has twined her arms around young crocus.

And so Christina dear reclines
Beneath the vines.

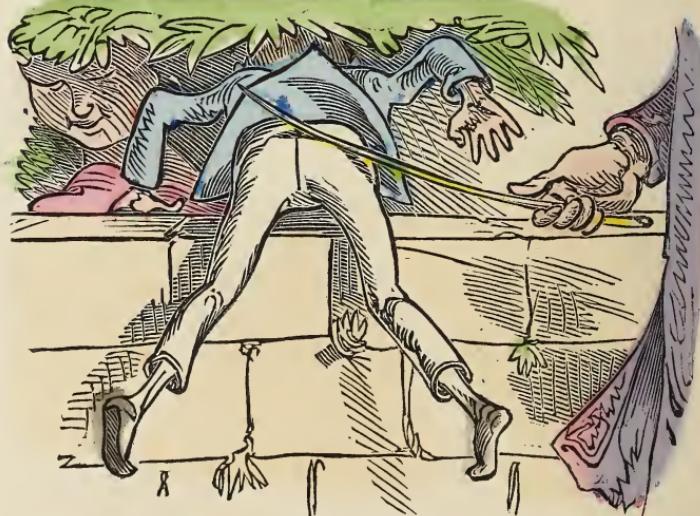
Now Docet's nephew, young Eugene,
Has had his eye upon this scene;
For this mere stripling of fourteen,
Tho' still so young and ne'er so green,
Has yet within his bosom felt
The fires that warm, and sometimes melt.



With caution by the wall he glides,
And comes to where Christina hides.



Then straight upon the wall he goes,
And—pitsch!—she's kissed before she knows,



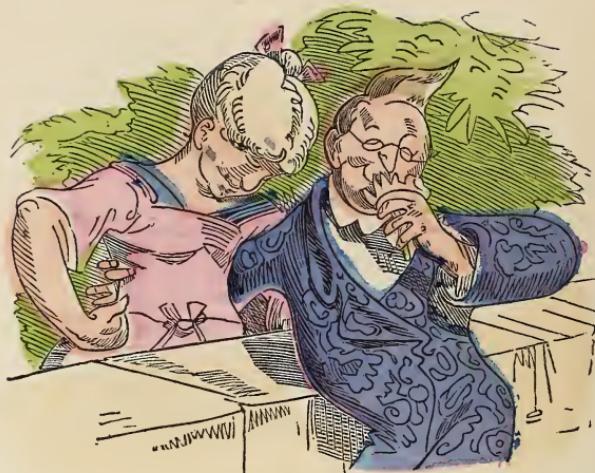
And—schwapp!—a voice in deep bass tone;
“Ha, monster! what's this going on?!!”
And with his stick Herr Docet plies
Our hero, till in pain he flies.



He fondles her upon the chin.
You see yourself—he rubs it in—
His hand creeps higher and still higher—
Oh, yes! And she grows red as fire!



“May I dare touch these flowers below?”
Christina dare not answer “No!”



His arm around her waist he throws,
And redder still the maiden grows.



Then—fitting climax to his bliss—
He gives the precious girl a kiss.—



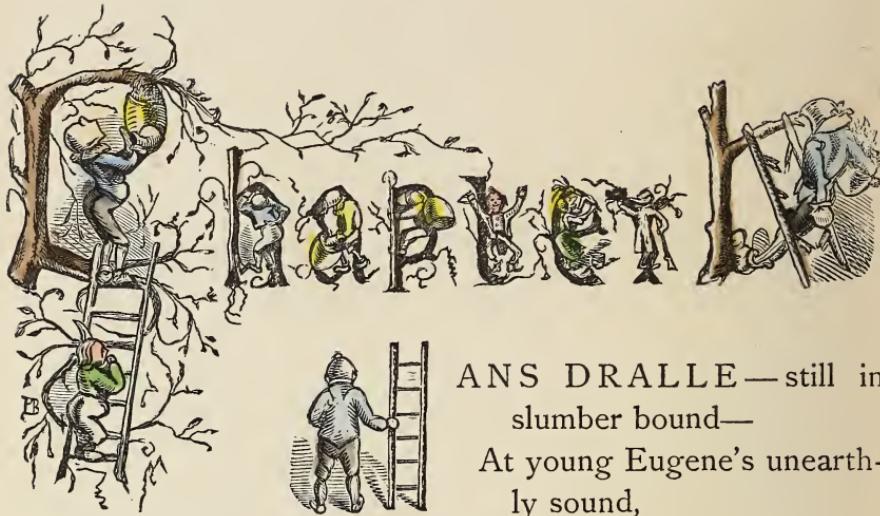
“Adieu! we soon shall meet again:
 Say at the bee-house, Love, at ten!”
 In pain, with listening ear Eugene
 The union of these hearts has seen.



He mounts the wall with cry alarming;
 “Ho! neighbor, ho! your bees are swarming!”



—o—



ANS DRALLE—still in
slumber bound—
At young Eugene's unear-
thly sound,
Awoke from pleasant dreams to see



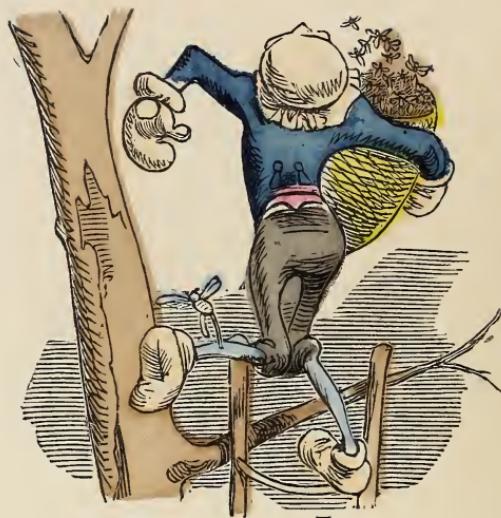
His swarm hang from an apple-tree!—



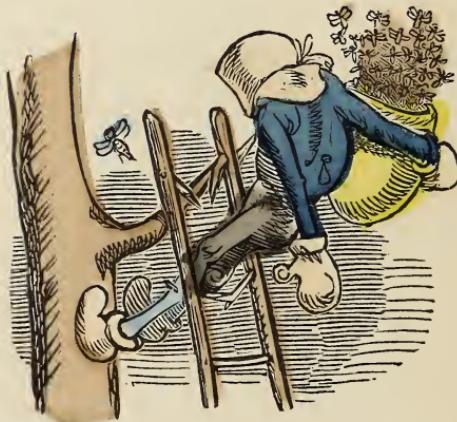
Quick! ladder, cap and basket, here!
Before the bees all disappear!



Now fearless—muffled safe from harm—
He mounts the ladder—traps the swarm;



And stands erect on topmost rung,
When suddenly his calf is stung;



And with the weight, so heavy grown,
The top breaks through and lets him down.



And—zip! he shoots through every round,
And tumbles headlong to the ground.



The Bees, however, buzzing drive
About the hive.

Beside the pool sit urchins two,
Essaying what squirt-guns will do.



Yet little this disturbs the bees,
Who buzz away, quite at their ease.



Her broom aloft doth Peggy swing,
And Tony makes his trumpet ring.



Fred, Ernst and Will all fife and cry!
The swarm is not disturbed thereby.



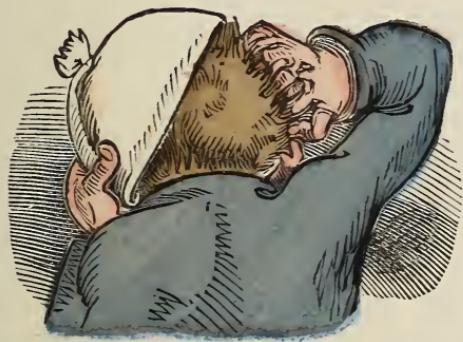
Now o'er the house it sails along;
The sweep observes the moving throng.



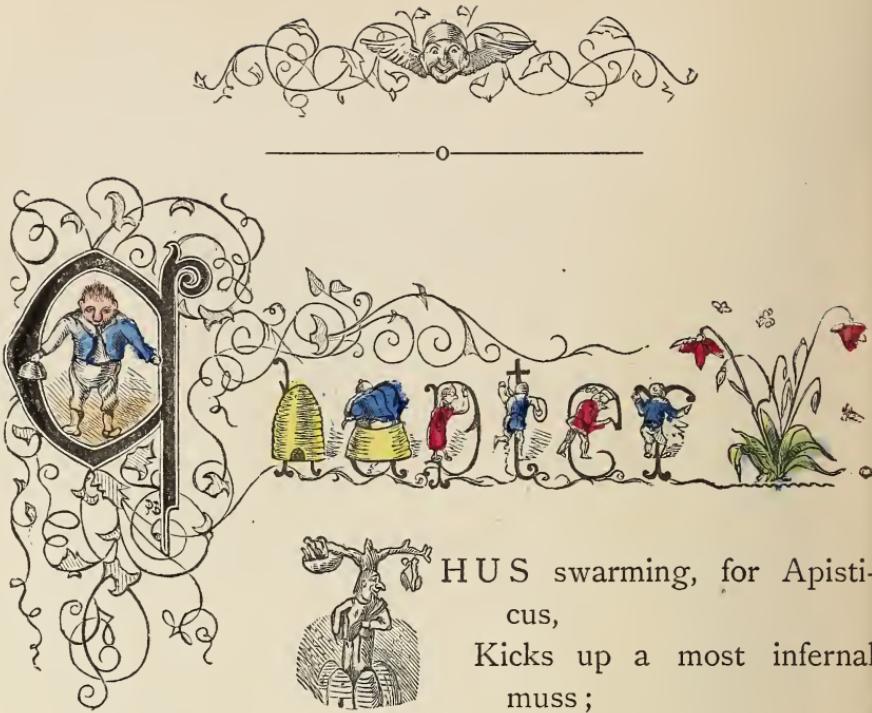
Now o'er the church the swarm soars high;
The hunter fires into the sky.



And now Hans Dralle limpeth near;
When all at once they disappear.



“Dat feels me very bad”—thinks he,—
“Dat neighbor Docet see de bee.”



HUS swarming, for Apistius,
Kicks up a most infernal muss;

Especially—from all we know—
Our Hans has just now found it so.
Yet such annoyances effect
A quick'ning of the intellect.



“Dey muss haf room!”—so he contrives
To make with straw a pair of hives.

“Good morning, neighbor! right fine day!”
Docet calls out across the way:
“So busy? ! now, how’re *you* to-day?
The bees, too, neighbor, how are *they*? ”
“Ya, ya, der man haf a hard way!”
“Come, neighbor, *that* you shouldn’t say!
The bee is ever a delight,
As round about he wings his flight;
Of great renown, too, is the bee—
In heathendom, especially.
—Witness Virgilius, if you please,
A Roman poet—great on bees;
For when the famous Roman Legion,
Which, as you know, sacked every region,
At length came down on his *Penates*,
Who shielded Virgil, like his bees? ”



Peacefully smiles Virgilius, compassed by sweet buzzing
honey-bees ;
Broken, the bearded brave warmen take flight in the
wildest confusion !

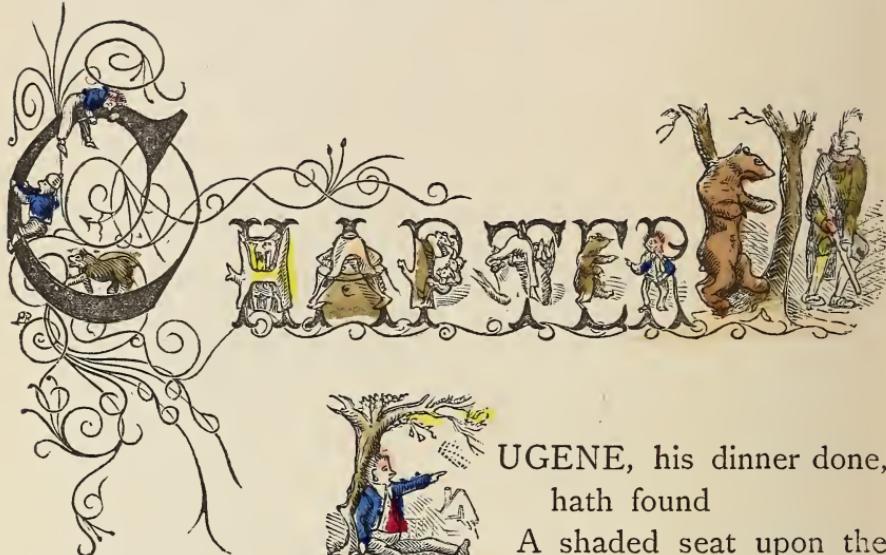
“ If mine bees wouldn’t sometimes schwarm ! ”
Says Dralle—“ Ya, ya, dere’s de harm ! ”
“ Why, that’s a trifle, my dear man ;
Plant off-shoots, neighbor, that’s your plan :
And thus you’ll have, whene’er ’tis done,
Two branches, where there’s now but one.
Off-shoots—my friend—organization !! ”



“ Adjew ! Dat is an innovation !! ”



—o—

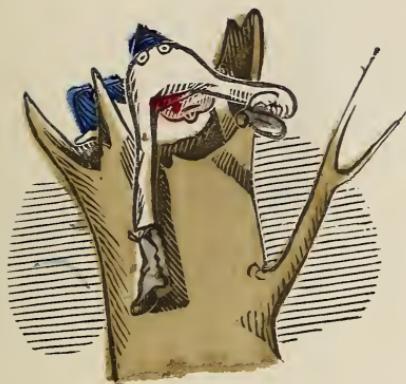


UGENE, his dinner done,
hath found
A shaded seat upon the
ground,

And joyous, notes with inward glee
Bees flying from a hollow tree.



Aha! that needs investigation:
There's honey there, beyond negation!



Eugene is up the tree apace;
Thence down within the hollow space.



A little care, now, and he's got 'em!
Schrapp! down he tumbles to the bottom.



Now he's a fixture in the tree,
Where hath its nest the honey-bee.



And, what is worse, his leather pants
Get caught—as you may see, perchance;—
So that, upon his naked calf,
The bees are pouring out their wrath.



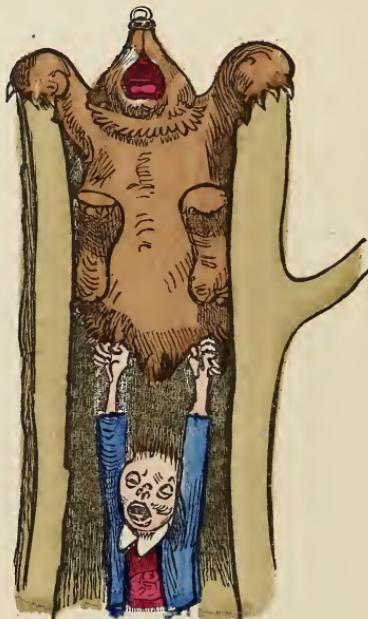
An old and shabby dancing bear,
With nose burnt through, comes also there.



“The only way’s to climb the tree!”
Concludes the bear—so up climbs he.



Ah! how the youngster quakes with fear,
At catching sight of Bruin's rear.



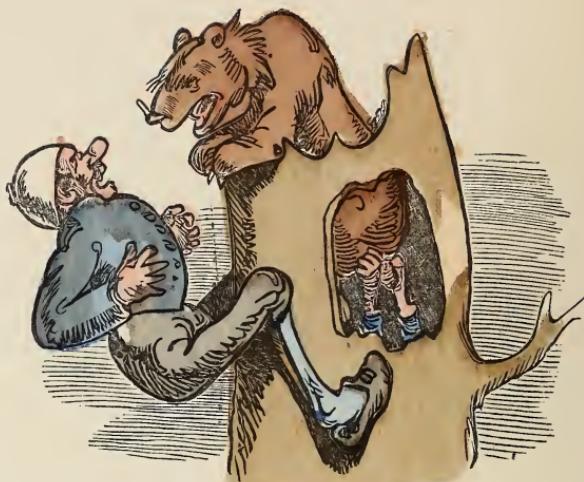
Shrill cries ring out his horrid story:
He clutches *à posteriori*.
The shock frights Bruin—hide and hair—
And drives him to the upper air.



He draws Eugene out "*in toto*:"
The boots remain "*in statu quo*."



Just then Hans Dralle reached the place,
And he, too, climbed the tree apace.



Ugh! hear his loud affrighted shout!
He meets the bear just crawling out.



Head first, all tumble, as you see,
Down to the bottom of the tree;



And then the moustached musketeer
His glittering weapon brings to bear.



True as you live! he would have hit 'im,
Had Bruin stayed and only let 'im.



Now—in a trice—they come again
And saw the honey-tree in twain.



And little think, this work pursuing,
The youngster's boots they are undoing.

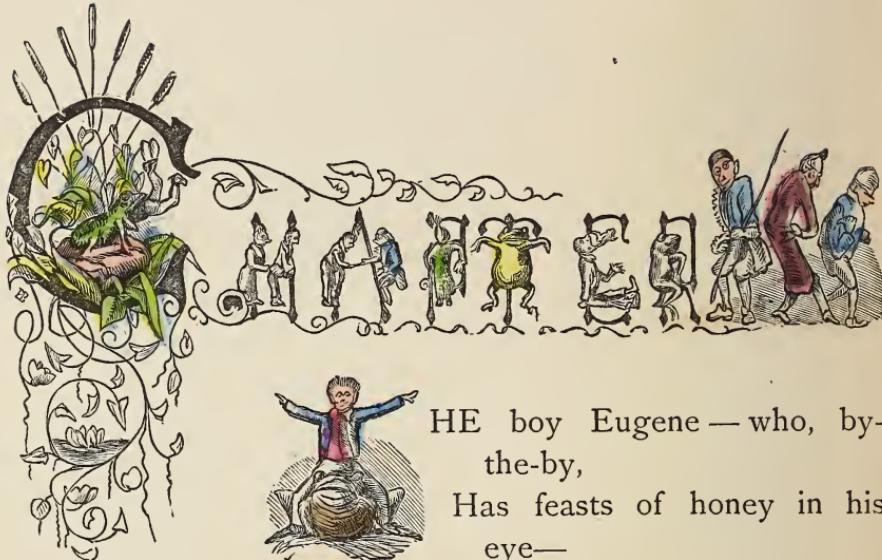
Hans Dralle wishes, as one sees,
With crafty skill, to trap the bees.



"Look sharp! I gets you now! i-yi!"
Whirr! out from under off they fly.



—o—



HE boy Eugene — who, by-
the-by,
Has feasts of honey in his
eye—

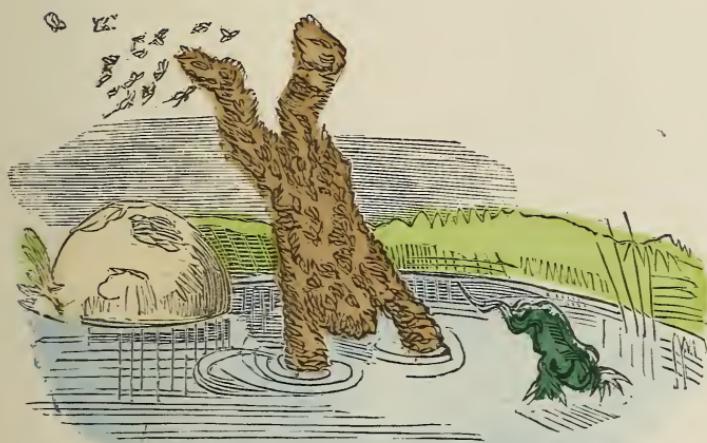
Likes stolen sweets—the little loafer—



And Dralle's hives he means to go for.



Oh, Gemini! an army corps
Of bees rush from the open door,
And rough as poodle Eugené grows
From crown of head to his ten toes.



Now happily there's water near,—
Perdums! head first they disappear!



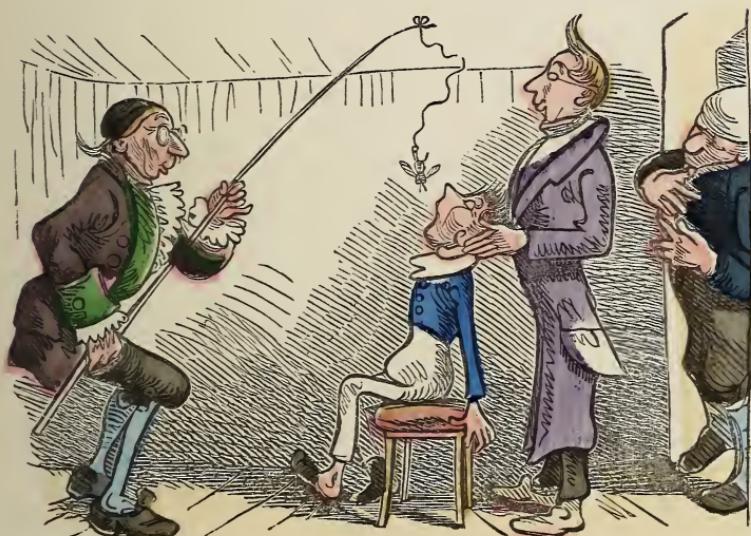
And see! at once his ducking done,
He hastens homeward on a run.



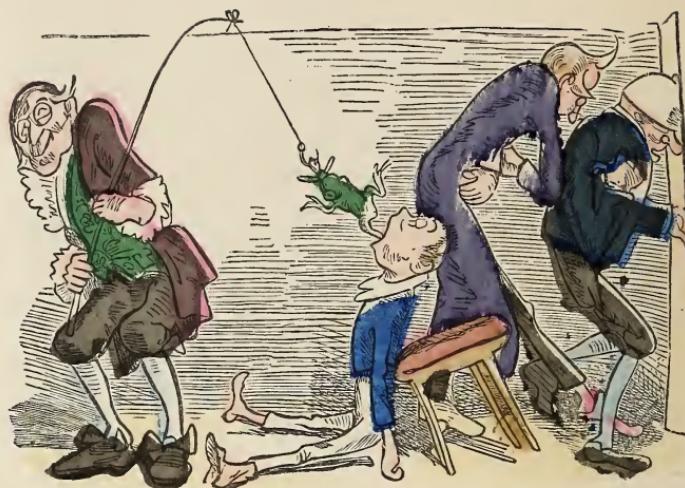
Poor boy! he's very sick and feeble;
So take him quick to Doctor Siebel.



The Doctor auscultates his bowel;
"I rather think I hear a growl!
Some foreign body, I should say,
Has gone the epigastric way;



This we must seek to extricate
By operations delicate!"



“Look! there’s the villain—on my word!”



“Begone! you’re not a handsome bird!”

The frog, his courage well-nigh spent,
Regains his native element;



Rubs back and sides, and feelingly
Ejaculates: "No more for me!"



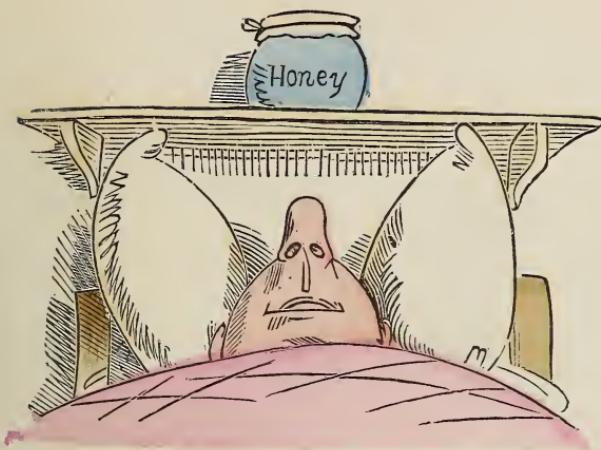
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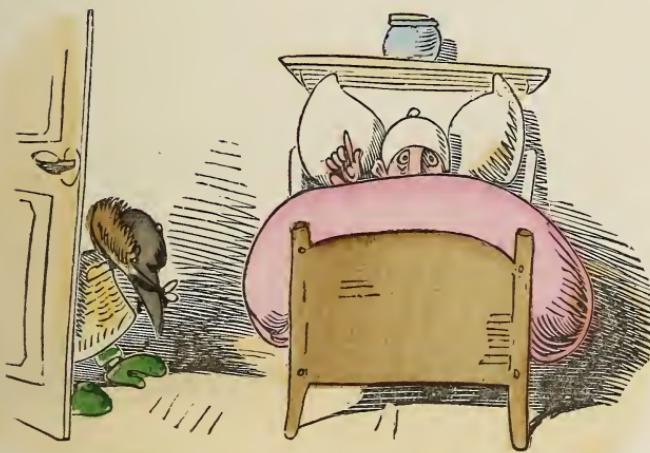
OW, one would think, that after all
The mishaps that this lad befall,
At length he'd heartily detest

Sweet things—although the very best!

Oh no!—Just now the dunce has got
His eye on Dralle's honey-pot,
Which, as he knows, stands on a shelf
Just o'er the couch of Hans himself.



As Dralle lay asleep that day,
The clock struck ten in boisterous way;



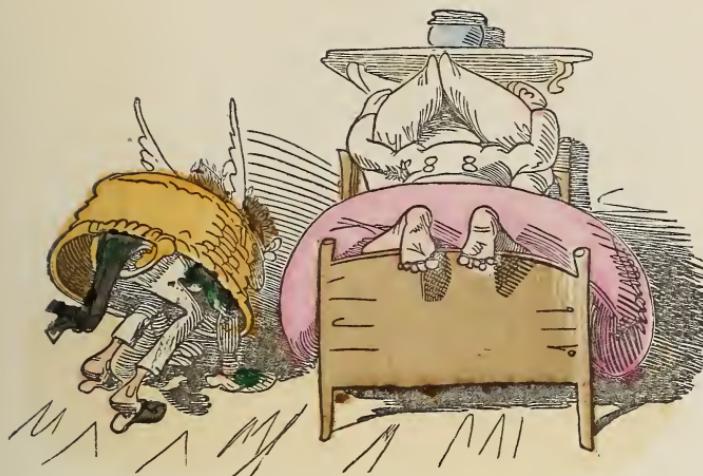
Hans seemed some rustling noise to hear,
And, quick as thought, pricked up his ear:



Ha! through the door comes creeping on
A direful, dread phenomenon??!!



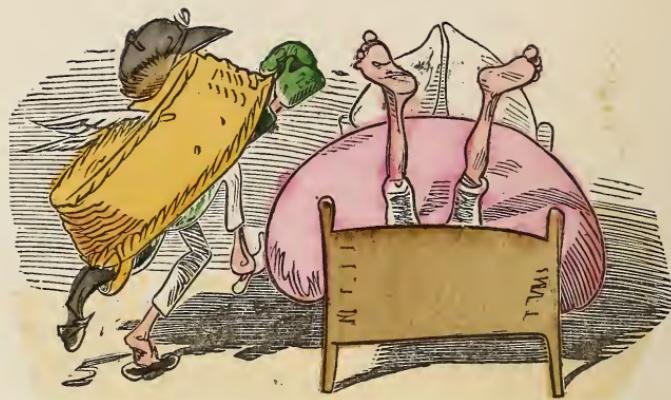
And one can read in Dralle's eye
That 'tis no human entity!!



Behold a wingéd quadruped,
With talons, tail, and horrid head.



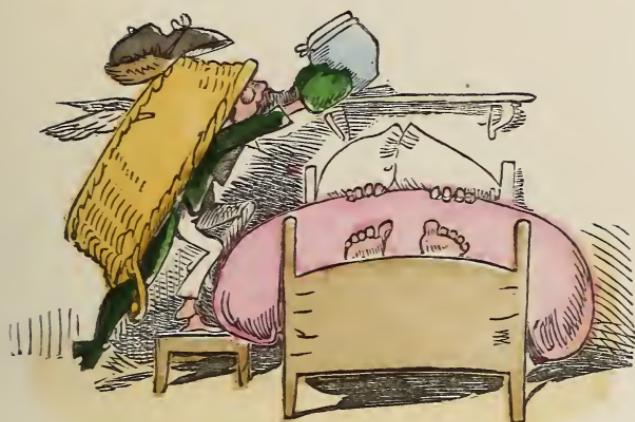
Hans Dralle's hair stands from his head,
And lifts his night-cap out of bed.



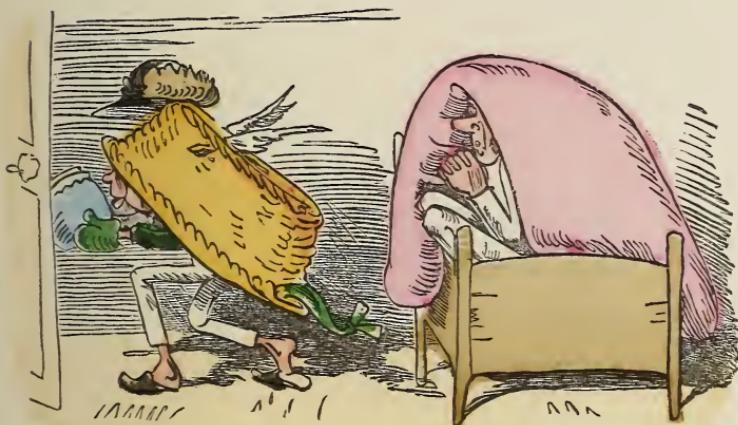
The monster springs from off its knees
To seize the patron of the bees.



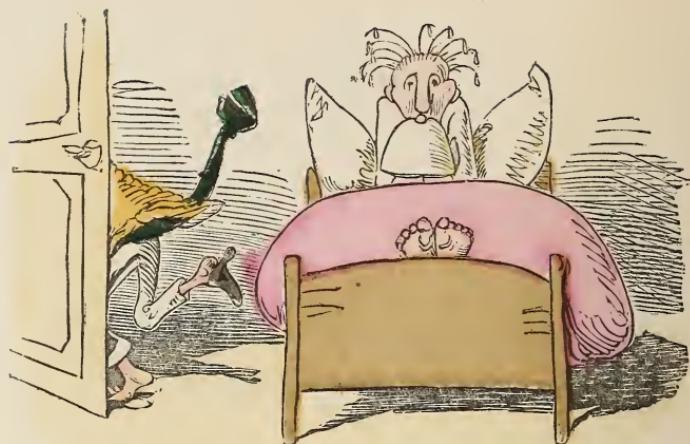
And cries with voice, as from the tomb,
"Hans—the avenging bees have come!"



It rears its awful form withal—
One hears it scratching on the wall.



Thank Heaven! 'tis turning now from sight!
Hans Dralle's almost dumb from fright.



Cold sweat drips down from every hair
So long as that dread monster's there.



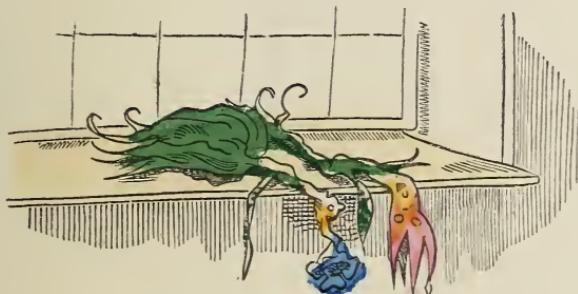
But shortly, safe at home, Eugene
Sits down and licks the sweet jar clean.



— 0 —



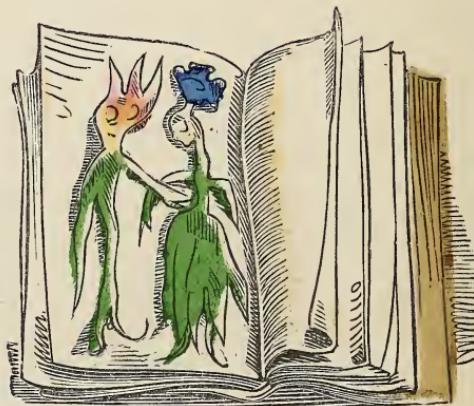
HE flowers Christina
plucked apart,
Wherewith to gladden Docet's heart,



Are hanging from his window bar
And faded are.



But Docet takes them up ere long
To press them in his Book of Song—.



Where, faithful souls, forever blest,
They, wrapt in sweet embrace, shall rest.

From belfry sounds the hour of ten ;
 'Tis time that Docet start again.
 He bids his humble cell adieu
 And hies him to the rendezvous



Where, torn with waiting and alarms,
 The lovely dove flies to his arms.



But hush ! what stir is this I hear ? !
 Some ill-designing rogue is near.

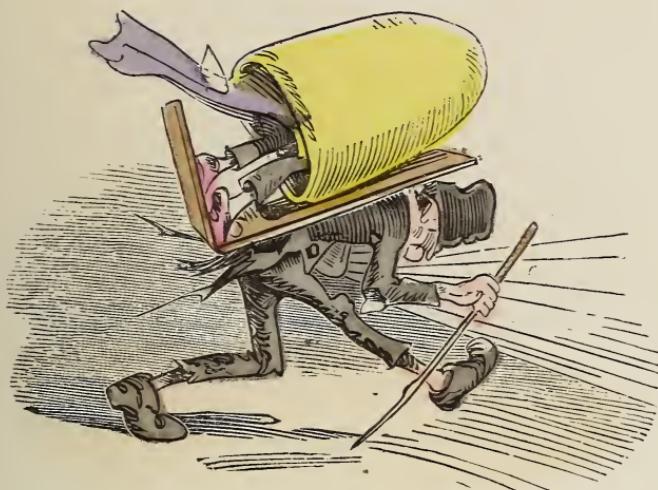
Bee-robbing 'tis by which he thrives ;



Quick ! Come, get in the largest hives !!



“Yes,” says the thief, “my heaviest haul
Would be the biggest hive of all !”



He shoulders Docet, and elate,
Starts off upon a 'forty' gait.

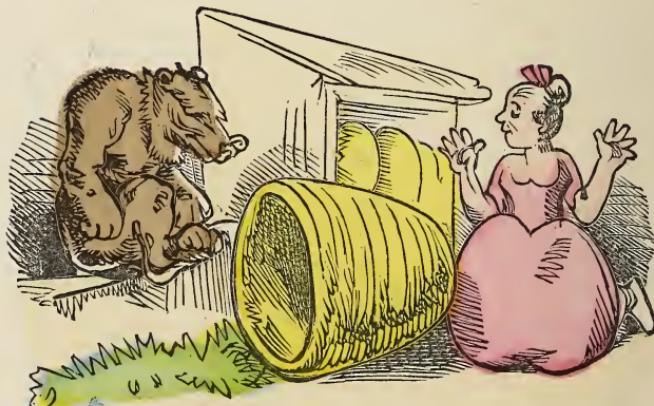


“Zounds! what a fool!” Herr Docet said,
And clapped the bee-hive o'er his head.



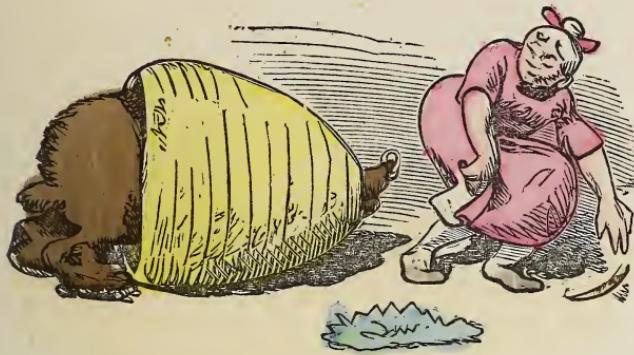
Vain are the rogue's attempts at flight—
The hive and Docet hold him tight.

But 'Tina's fate seems worst of all !

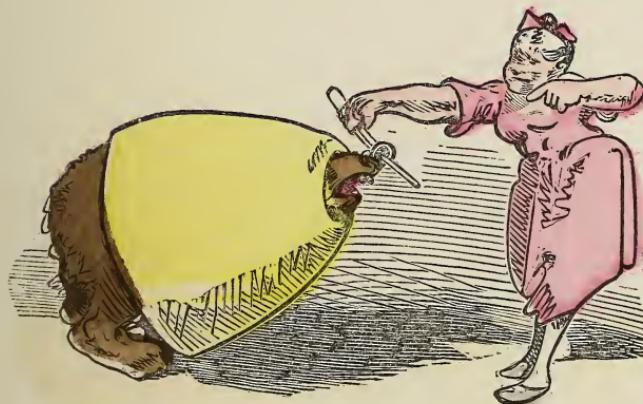


The shaggy bear surmounts the wall,

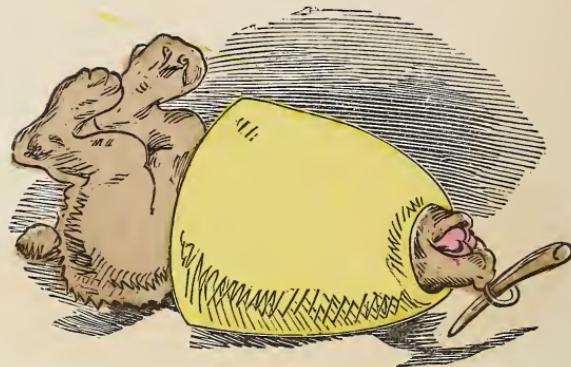
Smells in the hive, and snuffs about,



And through the hole protrudes his snout.



Quick now! a stick! and there it goes!
Right through the ring in Bruin's nose!

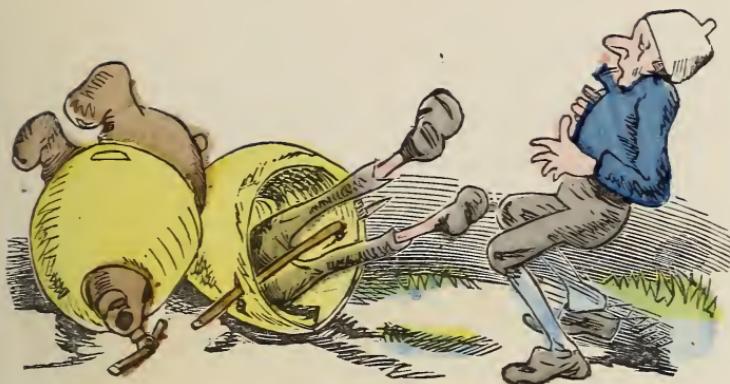


Yes, roar and roar!
Your nose will leave *that* hole no more!

So things are working to a charm;



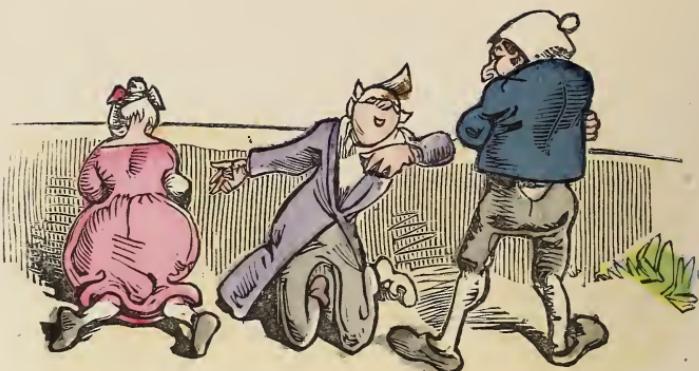
Behold the lovers, arm in arm!



Dralle draws near—and with surprise
Beholds the scene before his eyes.



He stands and stares in wondering way;
“Nein, Kinders, dat I nix verstay!”



Then Docet undertakes to show
How things have happened, so and so.



“All right!” says Dralle—then, addressing
The pair, he gives each one his blessing.



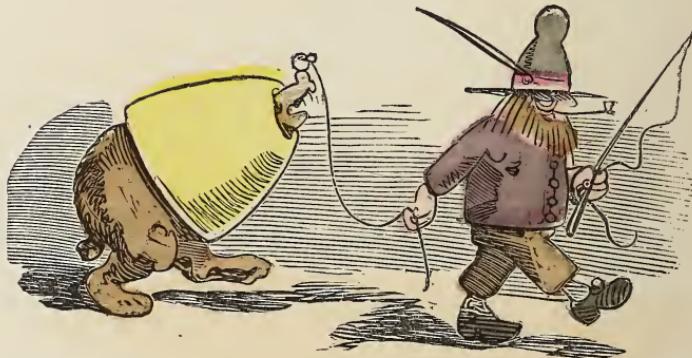
Wild with delight, then gather round
The worthy people of the town.



The forester—sworn foe to Bruin—
Is bent upon the creature's ruin.



Police arrive.—Forthwith they trot
The thief off to a quiet spot.



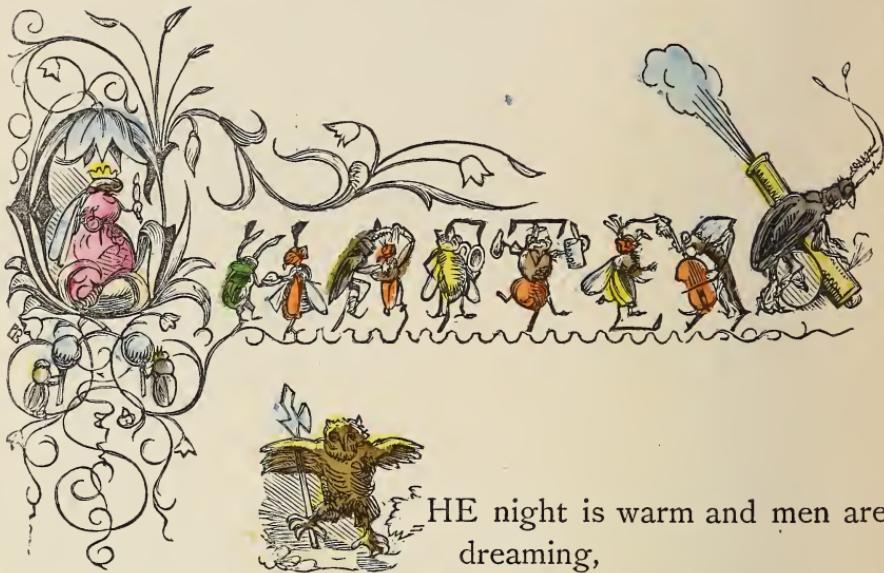
And off in haste his keeper goes,
With Bruin—growling—by the nose.



And Tony with his trumpet blows
And "Hip hurrah!" aunt Peggy crows;



And "Hip hurrah!" shout all quite jolly,
"Hurrah! for our old friend, Hans Dralle!!"



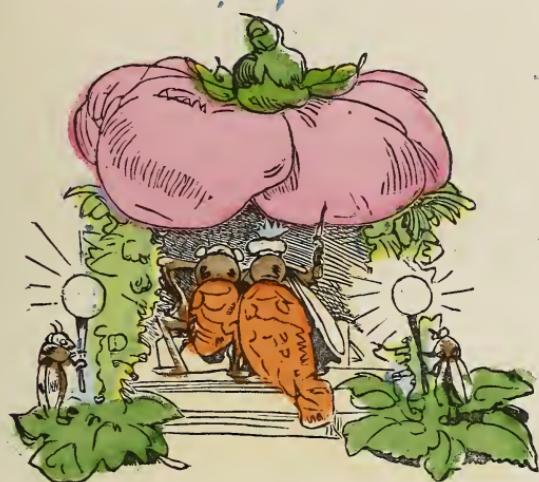
HE night is warm and men are
dreaming,

The zephyr through the boughs is streaming,



And round-faced, jovial moon, the while
Doth down on Dralle's garden smile.

Robed in his sheen, thro' twilight's hours,
 The bees are humming on the flowers,
 And celebrate this first of May,
 Their Queen's right royal wedding-day.



Already high in rosy Court
 Sit Royal Queen and Prince Consort.

She nods—and, loud enough to stun,



The Cannoneer fires off his gun.

Ring, ting ! tarum !—and right away
The Royal Band begins to play.



The house-fly—it played the trumpet,
Musquito, too, played piccolo,
The drone, with his hum, was beating base drum,
The grasshoppers fiddle
A high-diddle-diddle ;
And who ever knew such a right jolly crew ?



See ! spindle-shanked Saw-buck !
What unparalleled luck !
He's dancing a measure
With Lib-bee, his treasure—

Of wardrobe so neat—
And such wee bits of feet.



And little Short-shins
With tiny bee, Minnie,
Is shaking his pins.

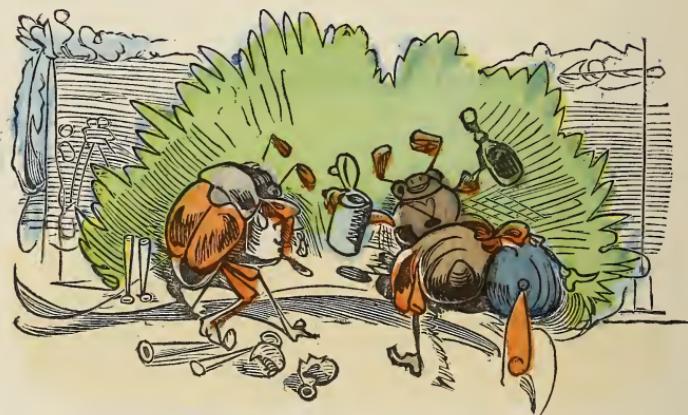
And only look at spruce Katrina!



For whom gruff beetle is in quest—
A lusty lad, in satin vest!



The moon sits in an apple-tree
And keeps the *fête* right merrily.



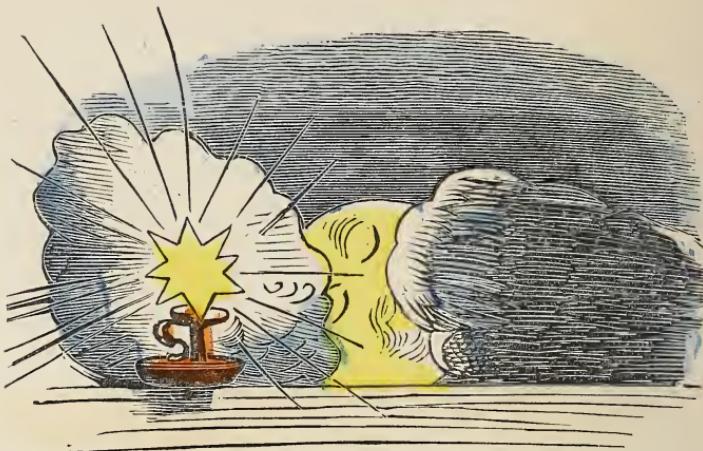
June-bugs were there—not decked in rubies—
Right jolly coves,
Though bashful boobies;
Who smoke and drink in neighboring groves,



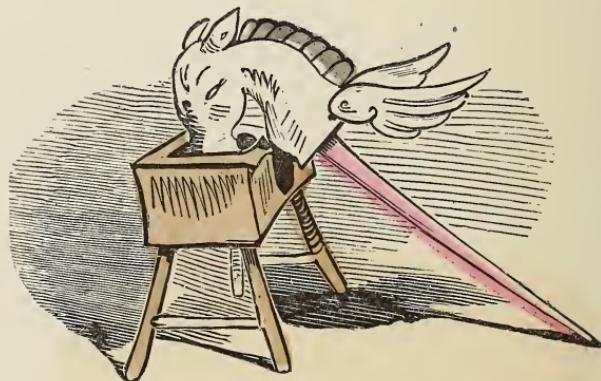
Till from excesses of the glass
They lie stretched out upon the grass.
The watch-owl maketh them a visit,
And saith: "Aha, 'tis you then, is it?
A new carouse!!"



And walks them to the station-house.



At last the moon, too, nods his head,
Wraps up in clouds, and goes to bed.



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